

#### POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

### THE SINGER'S ALMS.

In Lyons, in the mart of that French town, Years since, a woman leading a fair child, Craved a small alms of one who, walking down The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and smiled To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul. He paused, but found he had no coin to dole,

His guardian angel warned him not to lose This chance of pearl to do another good;
as he walked, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood.
And with his hat held as by a limb the nest,
He covered his kind face, and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
of commerce, where the singer stood, was filled
And many paused, and, listening, paused again
To hear the voice that through and through them thrilled,
I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity woven in a song.

The singer stood between the beggars there, The singer stood between the beggars there,
Before a church, and overhead the spire,
A slim perpetual finger in the air
Held toward heaven, land of the heart's desire—
As if an angel, pointing up, had said:
"Yonder a crown awaits this singer's head."

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears,
The singer pleased, passed on and softly thought,
"Men will not know by whom this deed was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage.
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,
And flowers rained on him: naught could assauge
The tumult of the welcome save the song
That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,
For the two beggars in the market-place.

-Henry Abbey.

## LIKE AS A FATHER.

Sent up to bed in the dark, alone, Where all of the corners were weird and dim And the shapes and the shadows waited him At every turning—my little son. Sent for some childish mischief done At the hour when childish hearts are high With joy of the evening's revelry—And his fault at worst was a tiny one!

A wistful moment his feet delayed,
Waiting to let my face relent,
And then, a pitiful penitent,
His faltering, frightened way he made;
But up in the stairway's deepest shade
I heard him pause where their shadows crowd
And whisper, "Father," and sob aloud,
"Father, go with me, I am afraid!"

Quick as his calling my answer leapt.
Strong as his terror my shielding arms
Folded him close from the night's alarms,
Sheltered and comforted while he wept;
And up in the nursery's light I kept
A tender watch till he smiled again,
Till the sobs of his half-remembered pain
Lessened and hushed, and the baby slept.

Father of love, when my day is done
And all of my trespasses written in,
Not for a thoughtles or wilful sin
Send me out in the dark alone;
But so as I answered my little son,
Come to the prayer of my pleading breath
And lead me safe through the night of death,
Father of light, when my light is gone!

—By Nan

ness.

## ≈NOTES.≈

Probably no writer today is wider or his literary labor than was Auguste Sabatier, whose book "Religions of Authority," has just been brought out by McClure-Phillips. He was connected as an editor with the great Paris newspaper, Le Temps, and every morning went to the newspaper ice to do his daily stint; in the afteron he went to the Protestant Faculty Theology, in the University of Paris, of which he was dean, to give his lec-ture; every Thursday he wrote a literary review for the Journal de Geneve; every Saturday he gathered together a class of Sunday school teachers and explained the lesson for the following Sunday; and besides all this found time to conduct classes in the history of early Christian literature at the Ecole des Hauts Etudes of the Sorbonne. This prodigious labor he kept up practically to the time of his death, about three

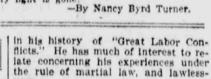
The third edition of Henry Harland's new book, "My Friend Prospero," is ss. This book promises Harland's other sucnow on the press. to outsell Mr. H esses. Its publication was delayed to fill the heavy advance demand and this third edition comes within ten days of the publication of the first.

Thomas Nelson Page will assume new literary form in the March McClure's, changing his familiar role of fiction writer to that of student of affairs in a discussion of "The Negro" as the Southerners' problem. In his opening paper he is to review the days of slavery, war and reconstruction in describing the old relations between the white ing the old relations between the white and black races in the south.

Lincoln Steffens is spending some time in Ohio in search of material for an article on political conditions in that boss-ridden state. In a new series on "The Misgovernment of States" he is planning some more such revelations as made his discussion of the cities in McClure's of sensational Interest.

President Henry S. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, recently while in Germany spent som studying the experimental electric road in the environs of Berlin upon which the uniform high speed of from 100 to 130 miles an hour is maintained. He writes interestingly of his impressions for the March McClure's.

Ray Stannard Baker has returned Colorado, where he has been studying the miners' strike as a chapter



A new motive in literature is the rarest of the rare, but "Heart of My Heart," by Ellis Meredith, which Mc-Clure-Phillips will bring out this month certainly touches on unbroken ground. The theme of the story is mother-love. It is, in fact, a romance of maternity, a diary kept by a mother for her son, before her child is born, showing the development of her soul, through its inward joys and trag-edies. The author has touched this sacred subject with emotional sympa-thy and a most understanding rever-

Henry Seton Merriman's last published novel was "Barlasch of the Guard," brought out by McClure-Philips, but if appears now that at the time of his death he had an almost complete novel in manuscript under the title of "The Last Hope," which is about to be published serially.

Among the historical books of the season probably none has had a greater popularity than Martin Hume's "The ove Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots, (McClure-Phillips), but a month ago imported a second edition and are now importing a third.

Books on the Orient are in high pop-ularity today. The demand for Clarence Ludlow Brownell's book on Japanese life, "The Heart of Japan," has been so great that the publishers, McClure-Phillips, have put a third edition to press.

The anonymous little volume expressing the Chinaman's point of view, "The Letters from a Chinese Official," published by McClure-Phillips, has now reached its third edition.

Marmaduke Pickthall's story of the Orient, "Said the Fisherman," has sprung into immediate popularity. The second edition of it is being published, less than thirty days after the first was off the press.

McClure-Phillips announce their regular monthly new edition of Stewart Edward Whites "The Blazed Trail."



#### MARY FINDLATER.

The name, "Mary Findlater," which appears on the title-page of the "Rose of Joy," which McClure, Phillips & Company have just brought out, is known to all who have any real acquaintance with books in England, and especially in Scotland, though we are but too little acquainted with it in America. Mary Findlater is one of two sisters who live in a little seaside cottage at Cockenzie, East Lothian near Edinburgh. They devote their entire time to their literary work and lead a very quiet existence, seldom being seen outside their little village. Very rarely you hear one name without the other; it is usually "Mary and Jane Findlater," and they are known in the world of letters as the "Brontes of the twentieth century" because their work is so similar to that of those famous sisters. In their books they make a keen understanding and sympathetic study of the middle class people that they find around them, and their work has gained them fame because of its exceptionally refined and artistic quality.

Martin's "Emmy Lou," which is almost | his wife, "to edit the hell-fire out of as regular as "The Blazed Trail" in its | them." After Mrs. Clemens completes

return to the press.

Marmaduke Pickthall, whose adven-turous novel of Turkish Palestine "Said, the Fisherman," has caused so much comment, is a marvelous linguist. He has done what very few Englishmen have ever done, namely, has mastered the dialect of Arabian spoken by the people of Astatic Turkey. His friends declare that they would back him against any Russian to learn any modout his nationality being discovered, that is if there is any modern languages worth learning that Mr. Pickthall does worth learning that Mr. Pickthall does not know already. In the case of Italian, it is said that Neapolitans always supposed him to be a Tuscan, and that Tuscans took him to be a Venetian, but no Italian ever imagined that he was born outside of Italy, so completely had he mastered all the shades, not only of the Italian language, itself, but, of its the Italian language itself, but of its dialects. Mr. Pickthall, in addition to speaking the dialect of Syria, also

writes it fluently. It is grateful to record such ready appreciation by one student of man and life, for the work as another as is revealed in the following letter received by McClure-Phillips. It is as follows: by McClure-Phillips. It is as follows:
"Dear Sir:—Pray accept my sincere
thanks for the copy of Bruno Lessing's
'Children of Men' sent me a few weeks
ago. I have read it with vivid interests.
It is an extraordinary book, shot
through and through with the red lines of humanity. No one can read these fine stories without a deepening sense of the dignity of man and the pathos of life. Bruno Lessing is in the road; he is a man to be reckoned with. Sincerely yours (Signed) Edwin Markham.

Cale Young Rice, whose dramatic poem, "Charles di Tocca," was so well received lnast year, will publish through McClure-Phillips this year a new dramatic poem bearing the title "David."

Aguste Sabatler, author of "Relig-ions of Authority," (McClure-Phillips), always had on his desk when writing a little bronze figure of an Alsatian wo man. He was a citizen especially loved by the people of Alsace because of his efforts to preserve the French spirit and language in Alsace after the Franco-Prussian war by preaching and lecturing. When he was driven out of the town by the German authorities, the people held a large meeting and voted him a testimonial which took the form of the little bronze figure which he always kept with him.

Although Mark Twain is sojourning in Italy, he is nevertheless hard at work on a new novel, which was begun many years ago and laid aside. He

her important share of the work, their daughter copies them on the typewriter, for which her father pays her regular professional rates.

In response to the query, "Do publishers read unsolicited manuscripts?" propounded by a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer. Doubleday, Page & Company own up to reading and rejecting 569 novels alone in eight months. The 570th was published. It is Acquila Kempster's love story of India, "The Mark."

Apropos of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the New York Times says that when Miss Eleanor Robson was in England last summer she was a guest several times at Mrs. Ward's town house in Grosve nor square, London, and also at Stocks, her country home near Tring. "I found Mrs. Ward a delightful hostess," said Miss Robson, "and not at all what I had pictured her in my imagination. You know you always do form an imaginative portrait of an author whose books you are reading, and I had thought of Mrs. Ward as an extremely intellectual being, a rather small wo-man with a large head and a retiring manner. But she wasn't anything of the sort. On the contrary, she is a large, handsome woman, and she car ries herself like a grande dame. She is an ideal hostess, too. She has a way of making you feel that she is conde-scending to meet you at all, and at the same time of putting you entirely at your ease. Yes, I know that's a little paradoxical, but it's just what Mrs. Ward does. I saw her first at her town house. Her husband, you know, is an art critic, and the house is full of the most interesting masterpieces. When I went down to Tring she took me into her den, where she does most of her writing. It is a small room, of her writing. It is a small room, with a big desk in the center, low bookcases all around, and a few chairs. There are pictures here, too, but I was chiefly interested in the garden. We went out there after luncheon, and Mrs. Ward read me a part of the play she has written for me. We sat under a tree near a low wall that divided the meadowland from the garden and say. meadowland from the garden, and several cows-the cleanest cows I ever saw -came up and stuck their heads over the wall and listened, too, apparently with much interest."

The other evening, as Will Carleton, author of "Songs of Two Centuries," was chatting with some literary friends, conversation turned upon Whitman. "I was in his unique little home at Camden, N. J., one day," he said, "and we fell to talking about autographs. He asked me if I always responded to requests for mine. I replied, always, when asked personally and by people whom I knew, and generally when strangers wrote for them. If there were upon them any of the ear-Edward Whites "The Blazed Trai."
This makes sixteeen editions in the sixteen months since it was published.
The same publishers also announce another new edition of George Madden in the sixteen makes sixteeen editions in the sixteen months since it was published.
The same publishers also announce another new edition of George Madden in the sixteen many years ago and laid aside. He has just finished a new short story, which will appear in an early number of Harper's magazine. Mr. Clemens of the professional autographmerchant, however, they had to wait; and most of them are waiting yet. 'Do there new edition of George Madden in the sixteen months since it was published. The same publishers also announce another the professional autographmerchant, however, they had to wait; and most of them are waiting yet. 'Do there new edition of George Madden in the sixteen months since it was published. The same published in the professional autographmerchant, however, they had to wait; and most of them are waiting yet. 'Do there new edition of George Madden in the sixteen months since it was published. The same published in the professional autographmerchant in the pro

graph?' he inquired, in all seriousness. I | ed to be greatly improved this winter. laughed and replied in the negative. 'Well, I ask a dollar apiece for mine,' whitman, said I, and much more. But I could not help wondering a little at this peculiar thriftiness of the 'good. gray poet, until he went on to say: 'I have a pet charity in town, which needs all the money it can get. When people write for my signature, I send them a circular stating that they can have it for a dollar, the money to go to the charity just mentioned. I am thus able to do some good with my poor old autograph, for a good many respond with the money."

Miss Mary Johnston, Author of "Sir Mortimer," "Audrey," "To have and to Hold," plans to sail for the Mediterranean this month, and expects to spend to year or more in Sicily.

Edward Stanwood's "American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Cen-tury" has just been published in Eng-land, where Mr. Chamberlain's tariff campaign makes it very timely read-

ing.

The eighth printing is reported of Clara Louise Burnham's latest novel "Jewel," bringing it into its twentieth thousand. The publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., also report the sixth printing of "Education and the Larger Life," by C. Hanford Henderson, author of John Percyfield; and the second printing of Bradford Torrey's "Clerk of the Woods," published last autumn.

Bjornson is at present at work on a new novel, which he intends finishing during his forthcoming stay in Rome.

Lord Tennyson has been telling some stories about his father to a literary so-ciety in Australia. To a poet of that country the late laureate once wrote:
"I have received your poems, but, unlike John the Baptist, I cannot live on locusts and wild honey." What in the world did he mean? The other story runs as follows: "A gardener was conversing with a friend of the poet. 'That Shakespeare's a great poet, isn't he?' said the gardener, and he was answered 'Yes,' 'And that Tennyson 's a great poet, isn't he?' asked the gardener again, and was again answered in the affirmative. 'Then,' says the gardener, digging his spade angrily into the clod, then I don't think nothing of nayther of them?"

"Sigma." the author of "Personalia," was invited to meet Swinburne at lunch. The poet did not arrive until lunch was over. Before entering the house he engaged in a prolonged dif-ference with his cabman, who eventually snatched up his reins and drove rapidly off, as if glad to get away. "The poet's got the best of it, as usual," drawled Howell (the host). "He lives at the British hotel, in Cockspur, and never goes any place except in han-soms, which, whatever the distance, he invariably remunerates with one shilling. Consequently when, as today, it's case of 10 miles beyond the radius, there's the devil's own row; but in the matter of imprecation the poet is more than a match for cabby, who, after five minutes of it, gallops off as though he had been rated by Belzebub himself." Swinburne always emerged from these disputes giving no sign of trouble. On this occasion he entered the room calmiv.

Another large printing of the "popular edition" of Dwight Tilton's "Miss Petticoats" has been ordered for the early spring trade by the C. M. Clark

Publishing company. The health of Henrik Ibsen is report-

This week's issue of the Youth's Com-

panion is a special Washington's birth-

day number and comes with cover done

in the red, white and blue, and with

a half length figure of Washington in

regimental costume as its chief emblem. A special article entitled "Bel-voir on the Potomac" is furnished by

Mrs. Burton Harrison, and there are some interesting stories of patriotic mo-

tive or suggestion which with the usual good poetry and department matter make a most interesting number.—

The American Boy for February with its title page showing boys snowballing, its skating story, "The Honor of the School," its "How to Hunt Muskrats,"

School," its "How to Hunt Muskrats," and its first chapter of a biography of Washington, is a model February number for a boy's paper. Other timely features are an illustrated article entitled "Get Ready for the Flowers," written by Dr. Hugo Erichsen, a short biographical sketch of Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee, and a description of "Tarbucket night," Connecticut's pet

name for Washington's birthday, fur-ther chapters of Kirk Monroe's famous

Perry, Mason Co., Boston.

His physician, anxious to complete the good work of restoration, still forbids him to undertake correspondence or to see many visitors. But he is nevertheless able to superintend, in a measure, the approaching performance of his "Pillars of Society," with which Mr. and Mrs. Fahistoin will make a jubilee appearance in April. This involves much more mental exertion than for many months past it has been thought

≈B99KS. ≈

he could endure

"Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia," is compiled by George P. Huntington, with an intro-duction by Charles Eliot Norton. A thorough student of Dante has performed a useful service in bringing together, within the compass of a small and attractive volume, all of Ruskin's in-terpretations and criticisms of the divine comedy. Ruskin's varied and pro-found knowledge of the middle ages, and the keen imaginative sympathy which he brought to the study of Dante, make whatever he has to say on that poet of exceptional value. There are here collected enough passages of varying length to constitute a compre-hensive account of Dante's work; and the grouping of these passages upon one subject will also prove suggestive to readers of Ruskin. Not the least notable feature of the book will be an introduction by Charles Ellot Norton, whose too infrequent writing upon Dantean subjects is always eagerly

"Evelina: or, A Young Lady's En-trance into the World," with which,now a century and a quarter ago, Fanny Burney—afterwards Madame D'Ar-blay—made her own entrance into the literary world, has been issued by the Macmillan Co., New York and London, as a volume in their "New Cranford" series. The illustrations are by Hugh Thompson and the introduction by Austin Dobson, each of whom is a master in his special field in matters re-lating to the days of patch and powder, curled wigs and artificial manners, when human passions were about the same as at other periods. As to the accuracy of Evelina's social sketches, which has sometimes been questioned, Austin Dobson says we have the testi-mony of Mrs. Thrale, given before she had made the author's acquaintance. "There's a good deal of human life in this book, and of the manners of the present time," she said, and she fur-ther affirmed that it was written "by somebody who knew the top and the bottom, the highest and the lowest mankind." Upon a question of this sort, Mr. Dobson says truly that Mrs. Thrale must be held to be unimpeachable authority.

Dumas' "Les Trois Mousquetaires," edited by C. Fontaine, B. es L., L. en. chairman French department, High School of Commerce, is just out. The adventures of Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, which have delighted so many thousands of older readers, are here presented in suitable form for class reading. The editor has skill-fully abridged the lengthy novel, but has left the thread of the story unbrok-en, so that this brilliant work of Dumas may prove interesting and useful to both teachers and pupils. The omitted parts are summarized in brief Eng-lish synopses, so that the reader will be able to follow the plot throughout. Notes are added to afford all needed help, and the vocabulary is complete.

Three Yankee Boys in Ireland."

# GIRLHOOD'S DANGERS

A Simple and Certain Method by Which Chlorosis, a Frequent Affliction of Growing Girls, May be Overcome.

Every mother knows that the danger line in the development of a girl is crossed at the point where girlhood and womanhood meet. Ills that lurk in the blood then disclose themselves and, if neglected, become seated diseases disturbing all the later life and frequently lead to consumption and the most frightful derangement of the nervous system. This critical point cannot be too closely guarded. Care insures ro bust health; neglect means living mis-

Mothers of growing girls can profit by the experience of Mrs. E. C. Young, of No. 303 Lynn street, Ithaca, N. Y., was safely brought through her girl-hood's critical period by a simple course of treatment, after physicians had failed to help her.

"When I was seventeen," she says,
'I began to fail in health and, in spite
of all the medicines our family doctor gave me, I continued to grow worse, Neither he nor another doctor who also attended me seemed to be able to reach the cause of my trouble. It was chloro-sis, they said, a form of anaemia with which girls of about that age are often afflicted. I was troubled with shortness of breath, hadn't a bit of color and couldn't go upstairs without being all tired out. My limbs were dreadfully swoilen and my appetite entirely gone. swolen and my appetite entirely gone. I had nervous headaches for which a doctor recommended glasses, but the glasses did not cure them. Each month I suffered a great deal of pain and was very irritable.

This condition kept growing worse for three years until finally it became intolerable and I began to hunt eagerly for some remedy that could effect a certain cure. Finally I found a friend who said she had been cured of a similar trouble by Dr. Williams' Piak Pills for Pale People, after her case had been pronounced hopeless. Upon her strong recommendation I decided to take this remedy. Relief was almost immediate and after using the pills for a short time I was exceed altogether and I

have remained perfectly well and strong ever since."

The value of such a remedy is beyond the power of words to express, for it determines the happiness of a lifetime. and it is fortunately within the teach of all who need it. These pills have also cured lecomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neural-gia, rheumatism, nervous headache, af-ter effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness in either male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists, or will be sent direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents per box; six boxes for two dollars and a half.

der doctor's orders of late, set sail this week for Egypt with the expectation of returning early in the spring feeling fit to begin work on a new novel. He has just finished six stirring stories dealing with further adventures of that de-lightful outlaw, Stingaree, with some of whose exploits Mr. Hornung's readers are already familiar. The American success of his dramatization of his own novel, "The Amateur Cracksman" will probably lead to a production of the play over here in the early spring. I believe there was some talk of H. B. Irving in the part of Raffles. Mr. Hor-nung has never been in America and has never seen his own play

Drawing Room Magician," and "How to Become Strong" appear in this num-ber. Other stories which serve to make the paper one of the most interesting At the dinner at the Author's club, given to Sir Oliver Lodge this week, the distinguished guest said there was nothing in science more wonderfud than the novelist's creation from nothing at all of characters that become immorhas yet appeared are "The Life of Blackbird the Omaha," an Indian story; "Spike Hennessey," a dog story; "A Crack Military Company," telling of the Mountain Springs Riffes: "A Boy's Voice and How to Preserve and Train It," "Teaching boys and girls how tal. It seemed to him rather a pity that novelists knowing so well how to write should so often choose such tri-vial subjects, while scientists who had It," "Teaching boys and girls how to use both right and left hands," "Quakers try to solve the Doukhober problem," Uncle Sam's young men in King Meneilk's court." "A Winter Enterprise," "A Prairie Adventure," "On the Little Sweet Water," "Through the ice on a duck hunt." The first half of a two-part article on "How to Make Tackle for Trout and Bass Fishing," by J. Harrington Keene, will attract the such magnificent subjects should be, as a rule, so little able to write adequately about them. Sir Oliver touched on radium, of course, and that set off Ri-der Haggard, who maintained that it was he who had been the real discover-er of radium, and referred in proof of it to the mysterious flames of energy in which "She" found immortal youth and radiance. The only trouble was that kle for Trout and Bass Fishing," by J. Harrington Keene, will attract the boys' attention. All the regular departments are well represented, viz., "The prize contests," "The Order of the American Boy," "Stamps, Coins and Curlous," "The Boy Photographer," "Boys at Home and School," "Boy he hadn't had the luck to hit on the he hadn't had the luck to hit on the name. But if you want to see Rider Haggard moved to eloquence, get him started on the subject of "afforestization." He has become a typical country squire, and seems to be much more interested in ideas about tree planting Money Makers and Money Savers," and the American Boy Lyceum, and a splen-did puzzle department.—The Sprague and providing amusements for the farmer and struggling with such prob-lems as the management of local taverns than in such frivolous matters as

## OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

THE THE PARTY WASHINGTON TO THE PARTY WASHING WASHING

story, "The Blue Dragon," the editor's | Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

Special Correspondence. ONDON, Feb. 10.-It may seem

rather late in the day to be writing about Hans Christian Andersen, but more should be said than is likely to be told by cable concerning the romance of the great Danish writer's life, which has just become known to his own countrymen. It always has been understood that the fascinating writer of fairy tales had an unhappy love affair, and the story generally has gone that his affections were given to his sweet-voiced compatriot Jenny Who was the real lady of Andersen's heart, however, has just been revealed by the discovery of letters writtn to her by the author of "The Princess and the Swineherd.

Hans Andersen's sweetheart was named Riborg Volgt. She was the pretty daughter of a rich merchant of Feeborg in the island of Fuenen, and when Andersen first met her, was just twenty-four. Andersen's boyhood home was Odense, the chief town of Fuenen. He was sent to study in the University of Copenhagen, and there he met and made friends with Riborg Voigt's brother, Christian. One vaca-tion Andersen went to visit Voigt at his home, and so met his sister. The two young people fell desperately in love with each other at once, but there was no hope for them, the girl being al-ready engaged to a young forester of Fuenen, and a betrothal being regarded at that time as no less binding than marriage itself. The thing is supposed to have black-

ened Andersen's life. He poured out his regret in a series of poems to his lady-love, which he called "Melodies of

Your Stomach and Bowels. So much

depend upon them. Your health, hap-piness, and even your life is controlled largely by these organs. It is therefore very important at the first symptom of the stomach becoming weak bowels constipated that you take a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is the best Stomach and Bowel medi-cine in existence, and positively cures Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Con-stipation and Malaria. Try it.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

government and a second of the the Heart," (some of them have been set to music by Grieg), and there can be no doubt, now, to what the strain of melody was due that can be found in nearly all his work. He never forgot her. Until his last day he wore around neck a small leather case which held the only letter she ever had writheid the only letter she ever had writ-ten him. His will contained instruc-tions that both letter and case should be burned. Riborg Voigt's daughter is alive still, and she has testified recent-ly to the remembrance in which her mother held the man whom she had been unable to marry. Among her been unable to marry. Among her trinkets, after her death, was found a withered boquet which Andersen sent her soon after their first meeting, and also other slight relics of the writer who gave the world "The Tin Soldier" and "The Emperor's New Clothes."

> Eden Philpott, author of "The Human Boy," waited to see his new novel, "The American Prisoner," through the press, and to read a few of the flattering revelws thereof which have made their appearance and then started for Mentone, on his way to Corsica, where he means to spend the winter. Marmaduke Pickthall tells me his

next novel is to be very different from "Said, the Fisherman," which so suddenly made the author's reputation here. The local color of Turkey-in-Asia is so strong that it would make another book laid in the same scenes as "Said" seem something of a repetition of that irresponsible story, however different the plot might be. The forthcoming novel, which is to be ready for publication in the spring, is to be entitled "Enid." Mr. Pick-thall very based on the second of the s thall vouchsafed no information where the scene would be laid, but it would not be surprising if the dealt with English country which the author is so fond. He is a stocky, red-moustached young man of modest mein who puts on none of the airs of a successful author, and who is not enamored of London noise and

There is hope that the good old firm of Isbister & Co., can be re-organized under a plan which will meet all obitgations and leave H. Perry Robinson in the chair of the managing director. Although he is English by birth, Mr. Robinson lived so long in Minneapolis that he seems a full fledged American. Under his management the book department of Isbister & Co. is said to have made money, but the firm's new magazine "V. C." appears to have been an expensive experiment.

E. W. Hornung, who has been un- by all druggists.

## A NEW LOCAL POET.

The following verses from the pen of Miss Judith Rice will inspire an in-terest in her readers to hear further from the same source. Miss Rice's first literary effort was a short story published some time ago in a local jour-nal, which attracted much favorable comment. That her poetic muse shows no less signs of promise is evinced in the following: THE DIRGE OF THE WASATCH.

(As sung in the south.) Cold symbols of the barren north, The Wasatch mountains lift on high Their rugged heads against the sky, As coldly, boldly standing forth, They bid defiance from on high.

Rude giants of a desert land, Unbeauteous Cyclops, grim and bare, With furrowed sides and hoary hair, Rising from wastes of sage and sand, Facing the world with sombre air.

Grim, huge, uncouth, unloved-they face A world unbeautiful as they.

A dreary world, sad, bleak and gray.

A world in which shows not a trace Of anything serene or gay. Sad fate is theirs fore'er to stand

Like gloomy sentinels, to guard A land so cold, so rough, so hard A selfish, grasping, Yankee land, A land unsung by any bard. THE PAEAN OF THE WASATCH. (As sung in the north.) In majesty the Wasatch rise,

Glad glants kissed by smiling skies, From heights sublime, they look below On pigmy men that come and go. Kings of Immutability.

A thousand years of time they'll see, And yet serene, unchange,d they'll stand, od's monuments unmoved and

Great bulwarks of the mighty west, Calm sentinels in grandeur drest, Oh! lift your snowy summits high, And proudly greet the glowing sky:

And let your noble vastness teach The greater things that we may The grander selves that we may be, And rise like you, sublime and free,

Another Case of Rhenmatism Cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

The efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the relief of rheumatism is being demonstrated daily. Parker Trip-lett, of Grisby. Va., says that Cham-berlan's Pain Balm gave him perma-

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## THE YIDDISH NOVELIST OF THE NEW YORK GHETTO AND HIS LIGHTNING METHOD.

The New York Ghetto can boast of the possession of a novelist, N. M. Saikewitch, who is the author of at least 300 novels. At the present time he has novels running in four of the Yiddish newspapers of New

And for all those four novels now running daily the writer has not a line prepared ahead. He writes as he goes, says the New York Sun.

Every day he makes the rounds of the papers and supplies them on the spot with an installment. In some cases the installment takes a page. And all of Saikewitch's novels are complicated in plot, crowded with characters and covering an amazing extent of ground.

Therefore, among his friends he is called the Octopus, for they say that such prolificness seems to demand the possession of several pairs of arms. Salkewitch knows nothing of such aids to ready writers as the typewriter, stenographer and phon-

ograph.

Saikewitch's career is in itself a page from the history of the origin and progress of Yiddish literature.

He is a Russian, about 50 He began

his literary career in Russia, where he was one of the first writers to make use of Yiddish as a vehicle to reach the public. He wrote novels that were immensely popular—sensational, melo-

dramatic penny-dreadfuls that were seized upon eagerly by readers with whom stories were scarce. His nov-els were brought out in book form in those days. They sold in great numbers. Yiddish was soon utilized by other

writers, and Saikewitch's pre-emi-nence was disputed. Finally he decided to come to America, where, he argued, the tide of immigration must have carried thousands of his admirers.

About seven years ago he landed in New York. He went to work at He got control of a little printing

press on East Broadway and began the publication of serial novels in weekly parts. It was very much the same method as that employed by the great English masters-Dick-ens and Thackeray-but Dickens ens and Thackeray—but Dickens and Thackeray never dreamed of doing what this Yiddish novelist did.

At times he had as many as six novels running at once in weekly 

parts. He would sit in his office writing all day long.
The foreman of the printing department would come in and say

that he wanted an installment. "What are you working on?" Saikewitch would ask. "The Prince of Babel; or, Back From Exile." Where are you now?"

The composer would look at his proof and read, "He gave one look at the flaming blood dripping sword, and swung it on high-To be continued in our next."
"All right," Salkewitch would say,

"just take down a few lines so you won't be idle." And he would dictate: "And the And he would dictate: "And the sword descended on the guilty head of the miscreant," etc. Then he would rush on and write out the rest of the installment. Per-haps in the middle of it another

compositor would enter with a request for copy.

And so it would go on week after week, month after month. The ocwith a pot of Russian tea at his el-bow-as Balzac used to have his coffee-and cigarettes constantly burning, skipped around in fiction to all parts of the globe for the pleasure of his readers.